

A Beautiful Pain

Near the end of the journey
I feel like a boy playing at the seashore of time.
Surf high and strong stroking me,
Misty breeze caressing in a mischievous play,
Grayish silver sand clinging softly,
Thin line of horizon beckoning to the unknown.

But in the throes of the world my soul squirmed endlessly,
Its ways and logic twisted my grace,
Inner music choked through the sharp sieve of survival,
I could understand a system for all,
But the rules were crude and the justice was flawed.

God made a human in his image:
Pregnant with a spark,
infinite in potential,
Fair and strong,
But the world molested him deep,
Turning his passage through it
A beautiful pain.